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The Ancient history of three bonnets

Edinburgh

1793

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THE

Ancient Hiſtory

OF

THREE BONNETS.

IN FOUR CANTOS.

EDINBURGH:
Printed in this preſent Year 1793.

THE PERSONS.

DUNIWHISTLE, { *Father* to Joukum, Briſtle, *and* Bawſy.

JOUKUM, *in love with* Roſie.

BRISTLE, *a Man of Reſolution.*

BAWSY, *a weaker Brother.*

BARD, *a Narrator.*

BEEF, *Porter to* Roſie,

GHAIST, *the Ghoſt of* Duniwhiſtle,

ROSIE, *an Heireſs.*

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ANCI

A

TALE

OF

THREE BONNETS.

CANTO I.

BARD.

WHEN men of mettle thought it nonſence,
To heed that cleping thing ca'd conſcience
And by free-thinking had the knack,
Of jeering ilka work it ſpake:
And as a learned author ſpeaks,
Imploy'd it like a pair of breaks,
To hide their lewd and naſty ſluices,
Whilk eith ſlipt down for baith theſe uſes.
Then Duniwhiſtle, worn with years,
And gawn the gate of his forbears,
Commanded his three ſons to come,
And wait upon him in his room:
Bade Briſtle ſteek the door: and ſyne,
He thus began——

Duniwhiſtle.——Dear bairns of mine,
I quickly maun ſubmit to fate,
And leave you three a good eſtate,

Which has been honourably won,
And handed down frae ſire to ſon,
But clag or claim for ages paſt:
Now that mayne prove the laſt,
Here's thre permiſſion Bonnets for ye,
Which nur Great Gntchers wore before ye,
And if ye'd hae na man betray ye,
Let naething ever wile them frae ye;
But keep the Bonnets on your heads,
And hards frae ſigning fooliſh deed,
And ye ſhall never want ſuch things,
Shall gar ye be made of by kings:
But, if ye ever with them part,
Fou ſair ye'll for your folly ſmart:
Bare-headed then ye'll look like mools,
And dwindle down to ſilly tools.
Haud up your hands now ſwear and ſay,
As ye ſhall anſwer on a day ——
Ye'll faithfully obſerve my will,
And a' its premiſſes fulfil.

Briſtle. My worthy father, I ſhall ſtrive,
To keep your name and fame alive,
And never ſhaw a faul tha's daſtard,
To gar fouk take me for a baſtard:
If e'er by me ye're diſobey'd,
May witches nightly on me ride.

Joukum. Whae'er ſhall dare by force or guile,
This Bonnet aff my head to wile,
For ſic a baud attempt ſhall rue,
And ken I was begot by you,
Elſe, may I like a gypſie wander,
Or my daily bread turn pander.

Bawſy. May I be jyb'd by great and ſma',
And kytch'd like ony tennis ba',
Be the diſgrace of a' my kin,
If e'er I with my bonnet twin.

Bard Now ſoon as each had gi'n his aith,
The auld man yielded up his breath,
Was row'd in linen white as ſnaw,
And to his fathers borne awa'.
But ſcarcely he in moſs was rotten,
Before his teſt'ment was forgotten,
As ye ſhall hear frae future ſonnet,
How Joukum finder'd wi' his Bonnet,
And bought frae ſenſeleſs Billy Bawſy,
His to propine a giglet laſſy,
While worthy Brittle, not ſae doner'd,
Preſerves his Bonnet, and is honour'd.
Thus Caractus did behave,
Tho' by the fate of war a ſlave;
His body only,——for his mind,
No Roman power could break or bind.
With Bonnet on he bauldly ſpake,
His greatneſs gart his fetters crack.
The victor did his friendſhip claim,
And ſent him with new glories hame.
But leave we Briſis and ſimile,
And to our tale with ardour flee.
Beyond the hills where ſang the billies,
Had bred up queys and kids and fillies,
And ſoughten many a blody battle,
With theives that came to lift their cattle:
There liv'd a laſs kept rary-ſhows,
And fidlers ay about her houſe,

Wha at her table fed and ranted,
With the ſtout ale ſhe never wanted.
She was a winſome wench and waly,
And could put on her claiths fu' brawly,
Rumble to ilka market-town,
And drink and fight like a dragoon:
Juſt ſic like her wha far aff wander'd,
To get herſelf weel Alexander'd.
Roſie had a word of meikle ſiller,
Whilk brought a hantle o' wooers till her.
Amang the reſt young maſter Jouk,
She conquer'd ae day wi' a look:
Frae that time forth he ne'er could ſtay,
At hame to mind his corn or hay,
But grew a beau, and did adron
Himſelf with fifty bows of corn,
Forby what he took on, to rigg
Him out with linen, ſhoon and wig,
Snuff-boxes, ſword-knots, canes and waſhes,
And ſweeties to beſtow on laſſes,
Cou'd neweſt aiths genteely ſwear,
And had a courſe of ſtaws perquire:
He drank and danc'd, and ſigh'd to move,
Fair Roſie to accept his love.
After dumb ſigns he thus began,
And ſpake his mind to'er like a man.
Joukrm. O take me Roſie to your arms,
And let me revel o'er your charms;
If ye ſay na, I needna care,
For apes or tethers made of hair,
Pen knives or pools I minna need,
That minute ye ſay na, I'm dead,

O let me lie within your breaſt:
And at your dainty tazle feaſt:
Well do I like your goud to finger,
And fit to ber your ſt——ſs Singer.
While on thus ſun ſide o' the brae,
Belongs to you, my limbs I'll lay.

Roſie. I own ſweet Sir, ye woo me frankly,
But a' your courtſh p ſirs ſae rankly,
Of ſelfiſh intereſt, that I'm ſtead,
My perſon leaſt employs your head.

Joukmm. What a diſtinction's this yourmak-
When your poor lover's heart is breaking (ing
With little logic I can ſhew,
That every thing you have is you:
Beſides the beauties of your perſon,
Theſe beds of flowers you ſet your a--e on,
Your claiths. your lands, and lying pelf,
Are every ane your very ſelf,
And add freſh luſture to theſe graces,
With which adorn'd your ſaul and face is.

Roſie. Ye ſeem to have a loving flame
For me, and hate your native hame;
That gars me ergh to truſt you meikle,
For fear you ſhou'd prove falſe and fickle.

Joukum. I troth my rugged billy Briſtle,
About his gentrie makes ſic ſiſtle,
That if a body contradict him,
He's ready with a dunk to ſtick him;
That wearies me of hame I vow,
And fain would live and die with you.

Bard. Obſerving Jouk a wee tate tipſy,
Smirking reply'd the pauky gipſy.

Roſie. I wad be very wae to ſee,
My lover tak the pet and die;
Wherefore I am inclin'd to eaſe ye,
And do what in me lies to pleaſe ye:
But firſt ere we conclude the paction,
You muſt perform ſome gallant action,
To prove the truth of what you'v ſaid,
Elſe, for you, ſhall die a maid.

Joukum. My deareſt jewel gie't a name,
That I may win both you and fame:
Shall I gae fight with foreſt bulls,
Or cleave down troops with thicker ſkulls.
Or ſhall I douk the deepeſt ſea.
And coral pou for beads to thee?
Penty the Pope upon the noſe,
Or p--- upon a hundred beaus?

Roſie. In troth, dear lad, I wad be laith,
To riſk your life, or do you ſkaith,
Only employ your canny ſkill,
To gain and rive your father's will,
With the conſent of Briſs and Bawſy,
And I ſhall in my boſom hawſe ye,
Soon as the fatal Bonnets three,
Are ta'en frae them and gien to me.

Joukum. Which to preſerve I gied my aith!
But now the cauſe is life and death,
I muſt, or with the Bonnet part,
Or twin with yon and break my heart:
Sae, tho' the aith we took waa awfu',
To keep it now appears unlawfu,
Then, love, I'll anſwer thy demands,
And fly to fetch them to your hands.

Bard. The famous jilt of Paleſtine
Thus drew the hooks o'er Samſon's een,
And gart him tell where lay his ſtrength,
Of which ſhe twin'd him at the length,
Then gied him up in chains to rave,
And labour like a galey ſlave:
But Roſie, mind, when growing hair,
His loſs of pith 'gan to repair,
He made of thouſands an example,
By cruſhing them beneath their temple.

CANTO II.

Bard. THe ſupper ſowin cogs and bannocks
Stood cooling on the ſoleo' winnocks
And, cracking at the weſtlin gavels,
The wives ſat beeking of their navels,
When Jouk his brither Briſtle found,
Fetching his ev'ning wauk around
A ſcore of ploughmen of his ain,
Who blythly whiſtled on the plain.
Jouk three times congee'd, Briſtle anes,
Then ſhook hand, and thus begins.

Briſtle. Wow, brither Jouk, where hae ye been?
I ſcarce can trow my looking een,
Ye're grown ſae braw: now weird's defend me
Gin that I had nae maiſt miſkend ye;
And where gat ye that braw blue ſtringing,
That's at your houghs and ſhon'ders hinging?

Ye look as ſpruſh as one that's wooing,
I ferly, lad, what ye've been doing.
Joukum. My very much reſpect brither,
Should we hide ought frae ane anither,
And not, when warm'd with the ſame blood,
Conſult ilk ane anither's good;
And be it kend ty'e, my deſign,
Will profit prove to me and mine.
Briſtli. And brother, troth it much commends
Your virtue, thus to love your friends,
It makes me blyth, for aft I ſaid,
Ye were a clever mettl'd lad.
Joukum. And ſae, I hope will ever prove,
If ye befriend me in my love:
For Roſie, bonny, rich and gay,
And ſweet as flowers in June or May,
Her gear I'll get, her ſweets I'll riſle,
If ye'll but yield me up a trifle.
Promiſe to do't, and ye'ſe be free,
With ony thing pertains to me.
Briſtle. I lang to anſwer your demand,
And never ſhall for trifles ſtand.
Joukum. Then ſhe deſires as a propine,
Theſe Bonnets, Bawſy's, yours and mine;
And well I wat that's nae great matter,
If I ſae eaſily can get her,
Briſtle Ha, ha! ye Judas, are ye there?
The D -- then nor ſhe neer get mair.
Is that the trifle that ye ſpoke of?
Wha think ye, ſir, ye mak a mock of?
Ye filly manſworn ſcant of grace,
Swith let me never ſee your face.

Seek my auld Bonnet aff my head!
Faith that's a bonny ane indeed!
Require a thing I'll part with never;
She's get as soon a lap o' my liver,
Vile whore and jade, the woody hing her.
Bard. Thus said, he said, nae mair for anger,
But curs'd and ban'd, and was nae far,
Frae trading Jouk amang the glar.
While Jouk with language glib as oolie,
Right pawkily kept aff a toolie,
Well masked with a wedder's skin,
Although he was a tod within.
He hum'd and ha'd, and with a cant,
Held forth, as he had been a saint,
And quoted texts to prove we'd better,
Part with a sma' for a greater.
Joukum. Ah! brither, may the furies rack me
If I mean'd ill, but ye mistak me;
But gin your Bonnet's sic a jewel,
Pray gie't or keep it, sir, as you will,
Since your auld fashion'd fancy rather,
Inclines till't than a hat and feather;
But I'll go try my brither Bawsy,
Poor man, he's nae sae daft and saucy,
With empty pride to crook his mou,
And hinder his ain good like you;
If he and I agree, ne'er doubt ye,
We'll make the bargain up without ye;
Syne your braw Bonnet and your noddle
Will hardly baith be worth a bodle.
Bard. At this bauld Bristle's colour chang'd,
He swore on Rose to be reveng'd,

For he began now to be ſlied,
She'd wile the honours frae his head,
Syne with a ſtern and canker'd look,
He thus reprov'd his brother Jauk.
Briſtle. Thou vile diſgrace of our forbears,
Wha lang with valiant dint of weirs,
Maintain'd their right 'gainſt a' intruſions
Of our auld faes the Roſycrucians,
Doſt thou deſign a laſt to catch
Us in a girn with this baſe match,
And for the hauding up thy pride,
Upon thy brither's riggins ride:
I'll ſee you hang'd, and her the gither,
As high as Haman in a tether,
Ere I with my ain Bonnet quat,
For any barrow'd beaver hat,
Whilk I, as Roſie takes the ſikees,
Maun wear or no juſt as ſhe like:
Then let me hear nae mair about her,
For if ye dare again to mutter,
Sic vile propoſals in my hearing,
Ye need nae truſt to my forbearing;
For ſoon my beard will tak a low,
And I ſhall crack your crazy pow.
Bard. This ſaid, brave Briſtle ſaid nae mair,
But cock'd his Bonnet with an air,
Wheel'd round with gloomy brows & muddy,
And left his brither in a ſtuddy.

CANTO III.

Bard. NOW Sol wi' his lang whip gae cracks
Upon his neighering coosers backs,
To gar them tak th' Olympian Brae,
Wi' a cart lade of bleezing day;
The country hind ceases to snore,
Bangs fred his bed, unlocks the door,
His bladder tooms, and gies a rift,
Then tentily surveys the lift,
And, weary of his wife and flaes,
To their imbrace prefers his claes.
Scarce had the lark forsook her nest,
When Jauk, wha had got little rest,
For thinking on his plot and lassie,
Got up to gang and deal wi' Bawsie:
Away fast o'er the bent he gade,
And fand him dozing on his bed,
His blankets creishy, foul his sark,
His curtains trim'd with spider's wark;
Soot draps hang frae his roof and kipples,
His floor was o' tobacco spittles:
Yet on the antlers of a deer,
Hang mony an auld claymore and spear,
With coat of iron and target trusty,
Inch thick of dirt and unco rusty:
Enough appear'd to show his Billy,
That he was lazy, poor and silly,
And wadna mak so great bustle,
About his Bonnet as did Bristle.

Jouk three times rugged at his shoulder,
At langrun, Bawsy rak'd his een,
And cries, What's that? What do you mean?
Then looking up he sees his brither.
Bawsy. Good-morrow Jouk, what brings
Your'e early up,---as I'm a sinner (you hither
I seenly rise before my dinner:
Well, what's ye'r news, and how gaes a'?
Ye've been an ucno time awa'.
Joukum. Bawsy, I m blyth to see you well,
For me, thank God, I keep me heal:
Get up, get up, ye lazy mart,
I have a secret to impart,
Of which, when I give you an inkling,
It will set bait your lugs a tinkling.
Bard. Straight Bawsy rises, quickly dresses
While haste his youky mind impresses:
Now rigg'd, and morning drink brought in,
Thus did fire-gabbet Jouk begin.
Joukum. My worthy brither, well I wate,
O'er feckless is your wee estate,
For sic a meikle saul as yours,
That to things greater higher towers;
But ye ly loitering here at hame,
Neglestful baith of wealth and aame,
Tho', as I said, ye have a mind,
That is for higher things design'd.
Bawsy. That very true, thanks to the skies,
But how to get them there it lies.
Joukum. I'll tell ye Baws,---I've laid a plot
That only want your casting vote,

And if ye'll gie't your bread is baken;
But first accept of this love-taken;
Here tak this gowd and never want,
Enough to gar you drink and rant;
And this is but an arle penny,
To what I afterward design ye;
And in return I'm sure that I,
Shall naithing seek that ye'll deny.

Bawsy. And troth now Jouk, and neither will I
Or after never ca' me Billy;
If I refuse, wae light upon me,
This gowd, O vow! 'tis wonder bonny.

Joukum. Ay, that it is——'tis e'n the a'
That gars the plough of living draw,
'Tis Gowd gars togers feight the fiercer,
Without it preaching wad be scarcer;
'Tis gowd that makes the great men witty,
And puggy lasses fair and pretty;
Without it ladies nice wad dwindle,
Down to a wife that snoves a spindle.
But to the point, and wave Digression,
I make a free and plain confession,
That I'm in love, and as I said,
Demand from you a little aid,
To gain a bride that eithly can,
Make me fou, blest and you a man:
Give me your Bonnet to present
My mistress with,--and your consent,
To rive the Daft and fashion'd deed,
That bids ye wear it on you head.

Bawsy. O gosh! O gosh! then Jouk have at her,
If that be a' 'tis nae great matter.

Joukum. Theſe granted, ſhe demands naemair
To let us in her riches ſhair;
Nor ſhall our herds as heretofore,
Rin aff with ane anither's ſtore,
Nor ding out ane anither's harns,
When they forgather 'mang the kairns;
But freely may drive up and down,
And ſell in ilka market down,
Belongs to her,---which ſoon you'll ſee,
If ye'll be wiſe, belang to me:
And when that happy day ſhall come,
My honeſt Bawſy, there's my thumb,
That while I breathe I'll ne'er beguile ye,
Ye'ſe baith get gowd, and be a Bailey.

Bawſy. Faith Jouk, I ſee but little ſkaith
In breakin of a ſenſeleſs aith,
That is impos'd by doited dads,
(To pleaſe their whims) on thoughtleſs lads,
My Bonnet! welcome to my Bonnet!
And meikle good may ye mak on it,
Our Father's Will I-ſe make nae din,
Tho' Roſie ſhould apply't behin;
But ſay, does Billy Briſtle ken,
This your deſign to mak us men?

Joukum. Ay, that he does, but the ſtiff aſs,
Bears a heart-hatred to the laſs,
And rattles out a hantle ſtories,
O' blood and dirt and ancient glories,
Meaning fou feuds that us'd to be,
Between ours and her family;
Bans like a blockhead that he'll ne'er,
Twin with his Bonnet for a her Gear;

But you and I conjoin'd can ding him,
And by a vo , to reason bring him;
We stand close, 'tis unco eith,
To rive the test ment spite o's teeth,
And gar him ply, for a' his clavers,
To lift his B nnet to our Beavers.

Bawsy Then let the doof delight in drudging
What cause have we to ten his grudging;
Tho Rosy's fed on the fell,
If you and I be well ourselfs.

Bard Thus Jock and Bawsy were agreed,
And Brisk man yield, it was decreed.
Thus far I've sung in Highland strains,
Of Jouk's armour and pawky pains,
To gain his end with ilka brither,
Sae opposite to ane anither;
Of Bristle's hardy resolution,
And hatred to the Rosycrucians;
Of Bawsy, put in slavery neck-fast,
Selling his Bonnet for a breakfast,
What follows on't, of gain or skaith,
I'll tell when we hae ta'en our breath.

CANTO IV.

Bard. NOW soon as e'er the Will was torn,
Jouk with twa Bonnets, on the morn,
Frae Fairyland fast bang'd away,
The prize at Rosy's feet to lay;
Wha keenly when he did appear,
About his success gan to spear.

Joukum. Here bonny lass, your humble slave
Presents you with the things you crave,

The riven Will and Bonnets twa,
Which makes the third worth nought ava,
Our power given up, now I demand,
Your promis'd love, and eke your hand.
Bard. Rosie smil'd to see the lad outwitted,
And Bonnets to the flames committed,
Immediately an awfu' sound,
As ane wad thought, rise frae the ground;
And syne appear'd a stalwart Ghaist,
Whase stern and angry looks amaist
Unhool'd their sauls, — shaking they saw,
Him frae the fire the Bonnets draw;
Then came to Jouk, and with twa drugs,
Encreas'd the length of baith his lugs,
And said ——
Ghaist. —— Be a' thy days an ass,
And kackney to this cunning lass:
But for these Bonnets I'll preserve them,
For bairns unborn that will deserve them.
Bard. With that he vanish'd frae their een
And left poor Jouk wi' breeks not clean.
He shakes, while Rosie rants and capers,
And ca's the vision nought but vapours:
Rubs o'er his cheeks and gab wi' ream,
Till he believes't to be a dream:
Syne to the closet leads the way,
To soup him up with usquebae.
Rosie. Now, bonny lad, ye may be free,
To handle ought pertains to me;
And ere the sun though he be dry,
Has driven down the westlin sky,
To drink his wamefu' of the sea,

There's be but ane of you and me.
In marriage ye ſhall hae my hand;
But I maun hae the ſole command,
In Fairyland to ſaw and plan',
And to ſend there for ought I want.
Bard. Ay, ay, cries Jouk, all in a fire,
And ſtiff'ning into ſtrong deſire
Joukum. Come haſte thee, let us ſign and ſeal
And let my billies gae to the diel.
Bard. Here it wad make o'er lang a tale,
To tell how meikle cakes and ale,
And beef and broe, and gryce and geeſe,
And pies a' running o'er wi' creeſh,
Was ſerv'd upon the wedding-table,
To mak the lads and laſſes able,
To do, ye ken, what we think ſhame,
(Tho' ilka ane does't) to gie't a name.
But true it is, they ſoon were buckl d,
And ſoon ſhe made poor Jouk a cuckold,
And play'd her bawdy ſports before him
With cheils that car'd not tippence for him,
Beſides a Roſycrucian trick,
She had a dealing with Auld Nick;
And, whene'er Jouk began to grumble,
Auld Nick in the neiſt room wad rumble.
She drank, and fought, and ſpent her gear,
With dice, and ſelling o' the mare.
Thus living like a Pelzi's get,
She ran herſell ſae deep in debt,
By borrowing money at a' hands,
That yearly income of her lands,
Scarce pa'd the int'reſt of her bands.

Jouk, ay ca'd wise behind the hand,
The daffing of his doings fand;
O'er late he now began to see,
The ruin of his family:
But past relief laird in a midden.
He's now oblig'd to do her bidden.
Away with strict command he's sent,
To Fairyland to lift the rent,
And with him many a Catterpillar,
To rug frae Briss and Rawsy siller;
For her braid table maun be serv'd,
Tho' Fairy-fowk shou'd a' be starv'd.
Jouk, thus surrounded with his guards,
Now plunders hay stacks, barns, and yards,
They drive the nowt frae Bristle's fauld,
While he can nought but ban and scald.

Bristle. Vile slave to a huffey ill begotten,
By many dads, with claps hat rotten,
Were na for honour of my mither,
I shou'd na think ye were my brither.

Jouk. Dear brither, why this rude reflection?
Learn to be greatfu' for protection;
The Petereueans, bloody beasts,
That gar fouk lik the dowps of priests,
Else on a brander, like a haddock,
Be broolied, sprowing like a paddock,
These monsters, lang or now had come,
With faggots, taz, and tuck o' drum,
And twin'd you of your wealth and lives,
Syne, without speering,------ your wives,
Had not the Rosycrucian stood,
The bulwark of your rights and blood;

And yet forsooth ye girn and grumble,
And with a gab unthanfu' mumble
Out many a black unworthy curse,
When Rosie bids ye draw your purse;
When she's sae gen'rous content,
Wi' nae aboon thirty per cent.

Bristle. Damn you and her tho' now I mun blaw
I'm hopefu' yet to see the day,
I'll gar ye baith repent that e'er,
Ye reav'd by force away my gear,
Without, or thanks, or making price,
Or even speering my advice.

Joukum. Peace gouk, we naething do at a',
But by the letter of the law:
Then nae mair with your din torment us,
Growling like ane non *compos mentis*,
Else Rosie issue may a writ,
To tye ye up baith hand and fit,
And dungeon ye but meat or drink
Till ye be starv'd, and die in stink.

Bard. Thus Jouk and Bristle when they met
With sic braw language ither treat.
Just fury glows in Bristle's veins;
And tho' his Bonnet he retains,
Yet on his creit he may not cock it,
But in a coff, close maun lock it.
Bare headed, thus he e'en knocks under,
And lets them drive away the plunder,
Sae have I seen, beside a tower,
The king of brues oblig'd to cour;
And, on his royal paunches thole,
A dwarf to prob him with a pole!

While he wad ſhaw his fangs and rage,
With booteleſs brangling in his cage.
Now follows that we take a peep,
Of Bawſy looking like a ſheep,
By Briſtle hated and diſpis'd,
By Jouk and Roſie as little pris'd.
Soon as the horſe had heard his brither,
Joukum and Roſe were prick'd the githier,
Away they ſcour o'er hight and how,
For fidging fain what'eer he dow,
Counting what things he now did miſter,
That wad be gi'en him by his ſiſter,
Like ſhallow bards wha think they ſiee,
Because they live ſax ſtories high,
To ſome poor lifeleſs lucubration,
Perfixes fleeching dedication,
And blythly dream they'll be reflor'd.
To ale-houſe credit by my lord.
Thus Bawſy's mind in plenty row'd,
While he thought on his promis'd gowd,
And baileyſhip, which he with fines,
Wad mak like the Weſt-India mines,
Arrives, with future greatneſs dizzy,
Cas. Where's Meſt Jouk?
Beef. ---Meſt Jouk is biſy.
Bawſy. My Lady Roſie, is ſhe at leiſure?
Beef. No, Sir, my Lady's at her pleaſure.
Bawſy I wait for her, or him, go ſhew---
Beef. And pray ye, Maſter, wha are you?
Bawſy. Upo' my ſaul this porter's ſawſy:
Sirrah, go tell my name is Bawſy,

Their brither who made up the marriage.
Beef. and ſo I thought it by your carriage.
Between your houghs gae clap your gelding,
Swith hame and feaſt upon a ſpelding,
For there's nae rom beneath this roof,
To entertain a ſimple coof,
The like of you, that nain can truſt,
Wha to your aith have been unjuſt.
Bard. This ſaid, he dadded to the yate,
And left poor Bawſy in a fret,
Wha loud growl'd, and made a din,
That was o'erheard by a' within.
Quoth Kate to Juk, Come let's away,
And ſee what's yon makes a' this fray,
Away they went, and ſaw the creature,
Sair runkling ilka filly feature,
Of his dull phiz with girns and glooms,
Stamping and biting at his thumbs.
They tented him a little while,
Then came full on him with a ſmile,
Which ſoon gart him forget the torture,
Was raiſid within him by the porter.
Ane will a ſucking weanie yell,
But ſhake a rattle or a bell,
It hauds its tongue---Let that alane,
It to its yamering fa's again:
Lilt up a ſang, and ſtraight its ſeen,
To laugh with tears into its een.
Thus eithly anger'd, eithly pleas'd,
Weak Bawſy lang they tantaliez'd,
With promiſes right wide extended,
The ne'er perform'd, nor ne'er intended:

But now and then when they did need him,
A ſopper and a piat they gied him,
That done, they hae nae mair to ſay,
And ſcarcely ken him the neiſt day.
Poor fallow, now this mony a year,
With ſome faint hope, and routh of fear,
He had been wreſtling with his fate,
A drudge to Joukum and his mate;
While Briſtle ſaves his manly look,
Regardleſs baith of Roſe and Jouk;
Maintains right queitly 'yond the cairns,
His honour, conſcience, wife and bairns,
Jouk and his rumelgary wife,
Drive on a drunken gaming life.
'Cauſe ſober they can get no reſt,
For Nick and Duniwhiſtle's ghaiſt,
Wha in the garrets often tooly,
And ſhore them with a bloody gully.
Thus have I ſung in hamlet rhyme,
A ſang that ſcorns the teeth of time,
Yet modeſtly I hide my name,
Admiring virtue mair than fame.
But tent ye wha deſpiſe inſtruction,
And give my wark a wrong conſtruction,
Frae 'hind my curtain, mind I tell ye,
I'll ſhoot a ſatire thro' your belly;
But wha with havins jees his Bonnet,
And ſays, thanks ty'e for your Sonnet,
Ye ſhanna want the praiſes due,
To generoſity. Adieu.

FINIS.

gla
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MS